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THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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SIXTY FEUD VICTIMS

Hatfield-McCoy Conflict 48 Years Old.

BEGAN WHEN PIG SWAM RIVER

Tom Hatfield Died Recently—Found Tied to a Tree—Governors of West Virginia and Kentucky Have Been Involved in Mountain War—Men and Women Killed in Troubles.

The death of Tom Hatfield, the famous mountain feudist, at Louisa, Ky., makes about the sixtieth victim of the Hatfield-McCoy feud that began forty-eight years ago as the result of one of the McCoy razor-back pigs swimming Tug River from the McCoy place on the Kentucky side to the ancestral home of the Hatfields in West Virginia.

Tom Hatfield, a descendant of the terrible "Devil Anse" Hatfield, was the one member of that murderous family who had been supposed to have a charmed life. He always escaped without a scratch in the scores of murderous battles between the Hatfield and McCoy clans, says the New York Times.

As they tell it on the Tug River, the war between the Hatfield and McCoys began just before the outbreak of the civil war, and it all started over the ownership of a Kentucky razor-back hog.

The McCoys at the time were loading a boat with razor-backs that were consigned to a Cincinnati pork packer, when one of the pigs jumped over the boat railing into Tug River, and swam straight for Hatfield territory. The McCoy negroes were sent over to capture the pig.

They soon returned and told old Randolph McCoy, the head of the McCoy clan, that the Hatfield negroes had chased the animal into a ravine and held it. Old "Rand" sent word to "Anse" Hatfield that he wanted his hog back.

"If you think you have boys enough," old 'Anse' sent word back, "why don't you come and get the old pig?"

Civil War Delays Feud.

It is said that the McCoys were laying out a plan of battle for the recapture of the pig when the news of the civil war was on reached the West Virginia-Kentucky mountains. All the McCoys shouldered their guns and enlisted for the South, as did most of the Hatfields. Some of the Hatfields, however, it is said, fought for the Union.

When the war ended the Hatfields that had not been killed in battle and the surviving McCoys came back to their homes, the Hatfields to the West Virginia side and the McCoys to the Kentucky side of the Tug River, and the incident of the pig, as was rapidly proved, had not been forgotten.

Soon after the warring families returned there was an election in West Virginia, and the McCoys went across the river to help one of the candidates. In the course of the day three of the McCoy boys, the youngest only ten and the eldest about twenty years, met some of the Hatfields, one of whom was "Bad Anse."

There was a fight, and when it was over Anse was dead from thirty-one stab wounds. Later the Hatfields captured the three McCoys, took them to a secluded spot, tied them to trees, and shot them dead.

Petition Signed at Gun Muzzle.

The McCoys, being Kentuckians, the governor of that State demanded that their murderers be returned to Kentucky for trial. Thereupon the Hatfields got up a petition and made all the neighbors sign it. When some refused to do so, the Hatfields made them do so at the muzzle of Winchester rifles.

The governor of West Virginia read this petition and decided that the McCoys had treated the Hatfields very shabbily, and they stayed in West Virginia.

A few weeks later John Logan and Sam Bird, followers of the feudists, were found dead on the banks of the Tug River, each with a bullet hole in his head.

So the war went on, and every now and then news that a Hatfield or a McCoy had been killed reached the outside world.

In 1887 came the bloodiest battles in the history of the feud. In that year the McCoys, led by Frank Phillips, raided the Hatfield strongholds. The fighting lasted a week and when it was over there were several dead on both sides.

A few weeks later the Hatfields returned the compliment, and raided the McCoy territory in Kentucky.

Hatfields Burn McCoy Home.

They went to old Randolph McCoy's home at night, and set the house on fire. The smoke drove the McCoys out of the house, and when old Randolph opened the door he met a shower of bullets.

With his son Calvin the old man retreated into the garret, where they opened a window and began firing through the smoke. In the meantime Miss Alophane McCoy, a young woman, ran out of the house with a churn full of milk to try to put out the fire. She was shot dead.

Later old Mrs. McCoy, the girl's grandmother, was shot, as was also Calvin McCoy. "Old Rand" escaped. French Hatfield also met his fate here, while others of his clan were desperately wounded.

A week later thirteen McCoys met thirteen Hatfields, and this time the aim of the McCoys was so good that they secured a temporary victory. Among the Hatfield victims was the notorious Jim Vance. In 1890 the law got Ellison Hatfield, and he paid the penalty of his misdeeds on the gallows, the McCoys witnessing the execution. In February, 1890, "Uncle Joe" Johnson, a member of one of the gangs, was killed while out on bail for killing Phil Tumbler.

Pardon After Life Sentence.

In the fall of 1890 there was a story printed to the effect that the Hatfields had hung Green McCoy and Milt Haley. Later the McCoys retaliated and killed two of the enemy. Then Mrs. James Brown, before marriage a Hatfield, was killed. Next John Hatfield killed Rutherford McCoy. John was sent to prison for life, but was later pardoned.

The next most famous battle resulted in the death of Deputy Sheriff "Doc" Ellis. Ellis was trying to make an arrest, when Ellis Hatfield killed him. For this Elias Hatfield got twelve years, but was soon pardoned, the doctors saying he had consumption. He got well and married a coal operator's daughter, and a few months later he was run over and killed by a train.

Now comes the death of Tom Hatfield, who was found tied to a tree by the McCoys and left to die. His friends rescued him, but exposure necessitated the amputation of both legs. He then lived but a short time.

It is said that one of the Hatfield girls wrote on one of the white pillars in front of the Hatfield home this line:

"There is no place like home."

Underneath a stranger afterward wrote: "At least this side of hell."

HIDING IN THE CHORUS.

Atchison Globe Writer Gets Facetious About the Chorus Man.

If a man commits some terrible crime, and wishes to become obscure, to hide from the world, to lose his identity, instead of flying to some strange and uncivilized country, where he will surely be tracked, why does he not become a chorus man? He would never be discovered. No one ever looks at a chorus man; no one knows his name; he might as well be a disembodied spirit. When an opera company comes to town, the principals and chorus girls scatter themselves over the streets and through the hotels, but no one knows or cares what becomes of the chorus man. When the curtain goes up in the evening on the production of the opera gayly dresed, laughing, singing chorus girls come dancing on the stage, and completely hidden by their flying legs and waving arms, somewhere in the far background stands the chorus man. It sometimes happens that the chorus girl in posing, needs a knee to sit on, and from somewhere in the back of the stage comes the knee of the chorus man; it supports her for a moment and disappears. The figure of the chorus man may be fat, or lean; his voice may be tenor or bass; his hair may be blue, and his eyes pink; no one knows. No one ever sees or hears the chorus man. He is as completely shrouded in oblivion as though he had been dead and buried millions of years ago.

THE NEW KHARTOUM.

Condition of City's Inhabitants Is Rapidly Improving.

Sir Walter F. Miéville, in the Nineteenth Century.

Probably the new Khartoum of to-day, with Omdurman and the near villages, totals nearly 100,000 souls, and, considering that its geographical situation so admirably adapts itself to fostering the expansion of trade, I venture to predict that in another fifty years Khartoum will contain half a million inhabitants. The Soudanese, especially the Shillooks, the Dinkas, and the warlike Baggaras, are a fine body of men, often standing more than six feet in height, but owing to climatic reasons and to the fact that the greed of money for wealth's sake has not yet taken great hold on them, they seem for the most part innately lazy, working only for short spells at a time and then resting until the simple necessaries of life give out; their ideal of happiness, apparently, being to work as little as possible. They again take to toil solely to earn fresh supplies and, even so, common report has it that it requires many adult Soudanese laborers to do the work accomplished by one Egyptian peasant. Women labor as well as men, and one often hears them singing, chattering, and laughing while at their tasks. Their clothing is scanty, but, like Eve before the fall, they know no shame. The chief raiment of the unmarried girls is a circular leathern apron, the thin thongs of hippopotamus hide or twisted cord, of which it is formed, falling like a fringe from the waist toward the knees. This rahat is sometimes ornamented with shells, beads, or beaten silver, and when a girl marries her virginal dress is generally destroyed by the bridegroom.

The material condition of the people is improving; indeed, it is already prosperous. For the first time in their history the Soudanese are an absolutely free people, living under a government anxious to protect them from injustice and to promote their welfare. It is hard for stay-at-home Britishers to realize adequately how far reaching is this change in the land "where slavery in one form or another has been for thousands of years a permanent and universal institution."

PROPOSED CANAL TO CLYDE.

British See Its Advantages in Case of War.

R. U., in the National Review.

The idea of cutting a ship canal between the Forth and Clyde is not new, but has been brought forward on several occasions during the last forty years. It is only lately, however, that the question has reached a national importance which was not dreamt of by the early promoters of the scheme, an importance which justifies the earnest consideration of any serious British government. It is a platitude to say that within the last six years the storm center of European politics, from a naval point of view, has shifted from the Mediterranean to the North Sea, where this country is faced by a strong, concentrated naval power whose ports of issue are situated directly opposite our east coast.

To be prepared for war, it is necessary for the fleet to have a repairing port as near the probable scene of action as possible, with docks of sufficient size to enable the largest units to make good damage after an action and resume their places in the line as quickly as possible.

It would connect the defended waters of the Firth of Forth—at present the only fortified refuge on the east coast north of Chatham—with a secure and efficient repairing port by a waterway of about thirty miles. It would give a vessel damaged in action access to the Clyde anad save the dangerous voyage to Chatham, when a crippled and probably slow ship might incur great risks.

CAREER IS METEORIC

Miss Frances Starr's Rapid Rise to Fame.

BELASCO ATTRACTED BY HER

Youthful Star Gives Her Views on the Drama—Believes Girls with Proper Qualifications Should Not Hesitate to Seek Stage Career. Enjoys Horseback Riding.

The career of Miss Frances Starr has been somewhat meteoric. Her actual experience on the stage covers only a few years. The last time the young actress was traveling it was, if memory serves, in the comedy "Gallops." That was about three seasons ago. It was a pleasant little comedy, and Charles Richman was the star of the piece, both from the artistic and billboard standpoints. Frances Starr was not then even leading woman. She played a female juvenile part, but, small as it was, the sweet young girl made the part stand out, and little by little Frances Starr was talked about in managers' offices. Several prominent dramatic writers singled her out and prophesied things.

David Belasco was the first manager to see possibilities in the young woman—at least he was the first to act upon his judgment, for he engaged her as soon as she was at liberty. He placed her with David Warfield in "The Music Master," and she played the part of Helen Stanton, the old music master's daughter, for only six weeks, the end of one season and the beginning of the next.

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When the eminent dramatic author looked about for one to fill the leading woman role in his California drama, "The Rose of the Rancho," then ready for production, he selected Frances Starr. He cast the other parts with some of the best-known actors in America, including Charles Richman, A. Hamilton Revelle, John W. Cope, J. Harry Benrimo, Grace Gaylor Clark, and Maria Davis. The drama was produced in Boston, where it was received with favor, and moved immediately to New York, where it ran all last season and part of this at the Belasco Theater. At the time of the production in Boston, and during the first part of the run in New York, no one was "starred" or "featured" in the big company of prominent players. Gradually Frances Starr's name crept into the announcements, and finally onto the billboards. It was small at first, but gradually it grew in size, and, judging from the verdict of New York and "road" audiences, in favor.

This season the young actress' name flashes in burning letters on electric signs, and at last—or, rather, so soon—Frances Starr is a full-fledged Belasco star. David Belasco is regarded, first of all, as a man of keen judgment in the selection of players and in recognizing undeveloped talent, and the selection of Frances Starr to play conspicuous roles as a star must be regarded as portentous.

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Frances Starr's views on the drama, it may be said, reflect somewhat the personality, as well as revealing the mind, of the young woman. First of all, she is devoted to her preceptor, David Belasco, who is her ideal. She entered her hotel in Philadelphia recently and met a friend. The glow of the unexpected greeting came through tear-dimmed eyes.

"I have just happened upon a most awful scene," she said. "I saw the police wagon back up here and take in three derelicts. One was a poor old woman. It seemed her only crime was that of poverty. And some specimens of humanity, men and women, stood around and grinned!

"Mr. Belasco tries so hard to keep me happy that I don't suppose I ought to watch those things, but I cannot help it. Mr. Belasco's constant plea is to keep me happy. Only to-day he sent me a telegram—it was so unexpected, too—saying he was pleased with the newspaper reviews which he had been watching. He closed with the words, 'Keep happy and well.' He is always doing those unexpected things; always so gentle and kind and thoughtful. He is just like a dear, kind father, and we all worship him. His guidance is right as well as wise.

* * * *

"I think the drama should be helpful to the human race. Every form of it, from the crude melodrama to the psychological study, has its true purpose if it is helpful in stirring our emotions to better things. Poetry, you know, is not a matter of meter or rhythm alone. That is only its outward dress, and helps make it beautiful. So with the drama. Poetry glows sometimes through technical crudity, and I do not think we should condemn too severely a play that does not reach external perfection, so long as its big elements are worthy and appealing. Wonderful as 'Rosmersholm' is as a play, and great as Ibsen is as a poet, philosopher, and dramatist, I do not think the cynical and false conclusion of that work of art—for such it is—should be taken as a true criticism of life. His 'Enemy of the People,' with less poetry, is, to my mind, a nobler work, because there is no shattering of ideals.

"Should girls go on the stage? Why not—provided, of course, they have the proper qualifications and the right ambition? The stage is for the good—the good of its exponents and the good of humanity—just as much as literature is. Because a decadent, repellant book appears, like a sudden poisonous growth, is that a reason why literature should be discouraged? And because there are pitfalls in stage life, should one retard its growth by discouraging girls or boys from meeting its problems and reading its rewards?"

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Frances Starr is one of the few women of the stage who takes her exercise seriously, strenuously, and with pleasure. That is why she reaps the benefit of it in health, for she is of the opinion that exercise that is not a pleasure is worse than valueless.

Two hours after Miss Starr's arrival in town she was on her Kentucky thoroughbred's back, enjoying her daily gallop. So enthusiastic is the young woman in this healthful in-the-air exercise that she rides even in inclement weather, and many times, in Boston's suburbs and in Central Park, New York, she has returned to the stables with rain-soaked clothes. Snowy days are the most attractive of all to her.

TRAFFIC ON GREAT LAKES

Immense Steamers and Docks Building for Iron Ore Trade.

Ashtabula Is the Greatest Ore-receiving Port in the World. Bigger Ships Planned.

The season of 1907 in the production of iron ore and in the traffic of the Great Lakes was the most tremendous in history.

For nearly a decade now the iron ore traffic has been increasing by leaps and bounds. In eight years, says the Van Norden Magazine, Great Lakes ships have grown from 400 to 600 feet in length.

Dock companies have vied with one another in installing automatic machinery that would take the place of hand shovels and give the growing vessels quick dispatch. Railroads beginning at the banks of the Lakes and terminating in the furnace districts, have doubled and redoubled their capacities only to find that they must go on doing so indefinitely.

Ashtabula harbor, for example, is the greatest ore-receiving port in the world. It has doubled its capacity in the last two years.

With the new improvements completed it will be doubled again. This, it is already predicted, will mean the four tracking of the ore-carrying branch of the Lake Shore Railroad.

During the last season a new record for an iron ore cargo was established. The steamer J. Pierpont Morgan entered South Chicago with 13,294 tons aboard.

To carry this cargo by rail required 330 cars of 40-ton capacity. Ten years ago the average cargo of the Lakes was about 2,200 tons.

The greatest record in unloading one of these cargoes that has yet been attained is 10,514 tons in four hours and fourteen minutes.

One of the achievements of the present year, it is said, will be the building of an ore vessel 650 feet, or nearly an eighth of a mile, long. Within the last year several 600-foot ships were completed for the Lake trade, and a fleet of three, each 605 feet in length, is now building. On the oceans of the world there are but fifty ships which surpass this length and but few freighters which carry larger cargoes.

TROLLEY CAR RUN BY GHOSTS

Round Trip, with No One Aboard, Made on Hackensack Line.

Affidavits Are Lacking, So Cum Grano Salis Better Be Used by Readers of Yarns.

A haunted trolley car is the latest sensation at East Rutherford, N. J. No affidavits are supplied with the yarn, however.

The car, which is one of a well-known half dozen that daily run through East Rutherford, over the tracks of the Newark and Hackensack line, was always considered perfectly normal until Friday. Just what is the matter with it now no one seems able to determine.

The car (No. 47, for purposes of identification) had been run in from Hackensack to the car barns at East Rutherford and was left standing on a siding while the motorman and conductor went into the barn to get their midday meal. Before going, the motorman had taken the precaution to remove the controller and the conductor had pulled the trolley two feet down from the overhead wire and tied it.

While the car was standing all by itself, employes eating in the car barns noticed a peculiar electric disturbance in the air, and could also hear a strange sound, half moan, half hoot, unlike any sound they had ever heard before. One man wanted to go out and investigate, but his companions laughed at him and told him the sound was merely the ordinary noise of a trolley spool on a wire. Probably the spool was stiff, they said.

Just then a hatless man dashed to the door and cried that the car that had been standing outside was moving away on its own account, with its trolley pole two feet short of the wire. The laughing men left their food and hurried out in time to see the car rapidly disappearing.

Although the car's trolley pole was way short of the wire, it was spitting a shower of blue sparks. Some of the men declare positively that a distinct sulphurous smell filled the air.

The car was away two hours. In that time it was seen by hundreds of persons. There was no one on either of its platforms, no one was inside it. It ran the entire length of the trip to Hackensack, doubled the loop there, and came back to the East Rutherford barn, where it started. Then it stopped of its own accord.

One man who followed it in an automobile declares the car invariably slowed down when in danger of overtaking a car ahead. Since none of the persons who met it knew anything about trolley cars, no one dared board it.

Expert electricians who examined the car after its return to the barn were unable to find anything wrong with it. The whole occurrence is a profound mystery.

MISS FRANCES STARR,
In "The Rose of the Rancho."

PAY HIGHEST RENTS

New Yorkers Hold World's Record in This Respect.

CORNER ON BROADWAY LEADS

Enormous Sums Charged for Offices and Apartments, Both Downtown and Uptown—One Lease Made Out for Twelve Million Dollars—Special Privileges Are Very Costly.

The island of Manhattan isn't very big, but it makes the most of itself. One little chunk of it, at Broadway and Wall street, commands a higher rental than is paid for the same amount of space anywhere else in the world. Slightly over $35 a square foot, averaging, it is said, $40,000 a year, is paid by a cigar company for one small store on this site, which goes to show that money invested in cigars does not all go up in smoke.

A quarter of a million is the conservative sum estimated as representing the combined rentals of space on the concourse floor of the Hudson Terminal Building, while $500,000 is paid by a single firm for ten floors in a neighboring skyscraper, and it is said the Erie Railroad more than matches this sum by the tidy rental it pays for five floors in the Cortlandt street terminal building. No other corporation has as much floor area in this structure, says M. W. Mount in the New York Tribune.

People who want office space in Manhattan never seem to let a little matter of rent stand in the way of acquiring it. When John W. Gates desired a suite of private offices in upper Fifth avenue he paid $55,000 a year for a modest sized floor and fitted it up cozily at an expenditure of $12,000. His suite in the Trinity Building cost him $50,000.

The post-office is one of Manhattan's good tenants. Close upon $250,000 goes into Father Knickerbocker's pockets from the government, which pays $223,900 a year for post-office stations, finding space in the Grand Central Palace, at $33,500 a year, at West and Morton streets for $20,500, and at the Madison Square and a few other stations at almost as high a figure. The produce exchange has the post-office for a tenant. Like others, it has to pay the $7.50 a square foot, which totals up $4,500 a year for store space in this building.

Lessees are so afraid that rents will continue to soar in Manhattan that many—the government included—have taken out as long leases as they could, while, on the other hand, numerous agents have wisely provided against future contingencies of another kind and refused to lease except on long terms.

A $12,000,000 Lease.

The longest lease of its kind in New York is that of a Greeley Square site at the southeast corner of Broadway and Thirty-third street, for a term of 105 years for $12,000,000. Four millions will be paid for the first forty-two years and $8,000,000 for the rest of the term, an arrangement on the part of the lessee, Harry Levey, which goes to show that he believes the site will increase in value a generation or so after he has erected a $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 structure to stand upon that corner on completion of the Pennsylvania tunnel.

The old New York Club site, at Fifth avenue and Thirty-fifth street, has been taken by a grocery firm for a term of twenty-one years for $4,000,000 net, while another lease for the same period has been entered into for No. 1 West Thirty-fourth street.

Significant of the times is the fact that private houses which have rented at $9,000 and $10,000 are now bringing only $4,000 and $5,000. For exceptionally fine houses people pay a rental of from $25,000 to $35,000 a year, a price which would have made the early Knickerbockers gasp, while the fact that the late J. Henry Smith paid $2,300,000 for the Whitney house when he bought it, with a few of its furnishings, would have caused the very wigs to rise from their heads in amazement.

"The most expensive residence property in Manhattan," said Messrs. Pease & Elliman, "lies between Fifth and Madison avenues from Fifty-ninth to Seventy-second street. In good sections this property sells for $400,000 to $500,000, while in Park and Madison avenues values run from $100,000 to $200,000 for a house and lot.

$40,000 for Eight Months.

The highest rental paid recently for a house was $40,000 for a period of eight months. This house is in Sixty-second street, just off Fifth avenue. Scarcely two blocks below it in the avenue are apartments which are said to be the most expensive in the city, with an average annual rental of $15,000 each. People who have two of these apartments thrown into one to enjoy a spacious home pay just twice that sum for the additional privilege.

New York hotels no longer shelter only a transient population. Each great caravansary means home to unnumbered small families. John W. Gates is said to have paid $50,000 a year for his suite at the Plaza Hotel. A certain wealthy woman is said to exceed this figure by $10,000 in the sum she pays for her luxurious hotel apartment. At the Holland House one may enjoy the use of two rooms and a bath for $15,000 a year, and at the St. Regis at the rate of $25 a day, while the Waldorf charges $20,000 a year for small suites.

The St. Regis is perhaps the only place in New York which will not make a long lease. A tenant is charged by the day only, and may decrease or add to the number of rooms in his suite at his own convenience and depart at pleasure, with no lease to occasion months of outlay during absence.

Special Privileges Costliest.

The highest rents in New York are paid for standing room. The most princely rental paid for store, office, residence, apartment, or hotel space does not compare, proportionally, with the sum expended for a humble bootblack stand, a soda fountain, or cigar kiosk.

A. Schulte pays $30 a square foot for cigar privileges in the Cortlandt street terminal building, and this is said to be next to the highest rent paid by anybody in the world. The cigar lease for the northwest corner of Cortlandt and Church streets runs for twelve years at a cost of $30 a square foot for 600 square feet, while the lease includes five other stands in the terminal building at a total cost of $500,000. One of these is in the exact center of the Hudson terminal concourse floor, and for this glass booth, open on three sides and covering a space 21 by 9 feet in size, a rental of $7,560 a year is charged. It is said that 188,000 cigars at two for 25 cents would have to be sold to cover a year's expenses of this stand, and, taking other expenses into account, $250,000 would need to be disposed of before profits would begin.

Higher prices are paid for cigar privileges than for any other occupying a proportionate amount of space. In a Broadway office building $1,500 is received as annual rent for a stand ninety square feet in size, and such stands pay correspondingly high prices for space in other buildings and hotels.

Booth space is rented subject to bid and charged for on the basis of the business proposed as much as on the location of space. Eight trades are great lessees of space privileges, and rank in the following order as profitable tenants of these: Tobacco, bootblack, soda water, package candy, news, flowers, fruit, and cutlery and satchel stands.

NEW ALASKAN DISH.

Moose Nose a Fine, Nutritious Food, Says a Far North Hunter.

From the Seattle Times.

The nose of a big Alaska bull moose weighs eight pounds, and when boiled twenty-four hours into gelatine makes the choicest and most nutritious article of diet to be had in all Alaska. At least this is what Webster Brown, of this city, who has hunted and surveyed all over Alaska, says, and he ought to know.

"Alaska moose," said Brown yesterday, "is the best game food to be had in Alaska, and those who subsist for a large part of the time on the game of the country are careful when they kill a big moose or any other kind of big game to have means at hand to take care of the carcass and save it.

"I remember not many months ago in the White River country when our food ran short and we killed a big bull moose and made away in the next few days with the most of his good points. We were traveling over a rolling, partly open country in the direction of the Tanana Valley, and every particle of fresh meat counted. When the carcass was all butchered up and packed away I boiled the big, gristly, fat nose of the moose about twenty-four hours, after spending five hours scratching the hair off the hide and picking it out by the roots.

"Well, sir, I boiled that moose's nose until it made the finest sort of gelatine you ever saw, and absolutely clear, and of a delicious sweet and nutty flavor. It made a meal for the whole outfit for every day for three days, and in my judgement the dish contained more lasting and nurishing qualities than anything that we had."

"30" FOR KNIGHTS OF THE KEY

Within the last week there have been installed in the local offices of the Western Union Telegraph Company a number of machines which will practically revolutionize the sending of messages.

For sixty years the improvements of the Morse system were inconsequential. Only within the last few years have any radical departures been made from the methods used in sending words by electricity from Baltimore to Washington in 1844.

Numerous efforts have been made to invent a practical telegraph machine, one which transmits and receives messages without the use of the human hand. But it remained for John C. Barclay, assistant general manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, to invent a machine of which the operator needs only a knowledge of the standard typewriter keyboard.

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In the machine installed in the local offices, four girls without any knowledge of telegraphy do the work which formerly required six or seven expert operators. It is necessary, however, for one person to know the Morse code, so in case the intrument goes wrong for any reason the old-style keyboard can be used to "check up." Both in accuracy and in speed is the machine superior to the work of the most expert telegrapher.

Two machines have been installed here, one sending and receiving messages to New York, while the other both sends and receives on a Chicago wire. Two more machines will shortly be installed, one for the Philadelphia business and the other for Pittsburg. These machines are now in use in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, St. Louis, and Kansas City.

This will not entirely displace the telegrapher, for the machine can only be installed advantageously in offices that have a constant flow of business. It is intricate and complicated, and in its present form is not adaptable for work in a small office.

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Years and years ago, when the stock ticker first was used, telegraph operators predicted that some day a machine would be invented that would put them out of business. The Wheatstone automatic telegraph trebled the carrying capacity of wires and took the places of hundreds of men, and now comes the Barclay printer, a machine which a lecturer in a museum would call the "marvel of the mechanical world."

And it is a marvel. It is almost uncanny to see a typewriter clicking along at high speed and pouring out messages that are ready for the messenger boy at the rate of 120 or 150 an hour! That's what the Barclay printing telegraph does. The best part of it is that, like the washing machine your wife buys for 20 cents a week forever, a child can operate it.

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Three parts make up the Barclay: The perforator, a tyepwriter that prepares the tape, punching into it the letters of the message you wish to send; the transmitter, into which the tape is fed automatically, a contrivance similar to the Wheatstone transmitter, and the typewriter that receives the message. A girl who can operate a typewriter can learn to operate the perforator in thirty minutes so that she can "punch" about 300 messages in a nine-hour day. The transmitter, of course, is automatic, and will handle about 400 or 500 words a minute. The average message contains seventeen words. The receiving typewriter needs the attention of only one girl to put the message blanks into the machine, and even she may be dispensed with later by putting the blanks on a roller.

Ordinarily, 100 or more messages an hour are received on one of these typewriters. A first-class telegraph operator, using a typewriter, is able to receive about forty messages an hour. Under extraordinary strain this is increased to sixty messages. The faster the operators work the greater is the risk of error, and errors mean delay. The Barclay printer makes no mistakes if the tape is correctly punched. Whatever is put into the transmitter in Kansas City will come out on the typewriter in Chicago, ready for delivery.

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The Barclay printer is made up, by addition and improvement, of two printing telegraph machines, the Wheatstone and the Buckingham, both owned by the Western Union. The Barclay uses an exclusive alphabet made up of dots and dashes and spaces. One wire may be operated through two machines—a duplex—so that, conservatively, 280 or 300 messages an hour may be handled by non-expert labor where formerly men were employed who received $75 to $125 a month.

CHICAGO BY TROLLEY

Boston Man Makes 1,500-mile Trip on Electric Cars.

ONLY SHORT WAY BY STEAM

Finds Interurban Travel More Certain Than by Automobile, Also Much Less Expensive—Makes Whole Journey for $68.54—Less Beautiful Stretches of Country Traveled.

To those who like to travel, and while traveling want to enjoy all the beauties of the lands through which they journey, the trolley offers the most attractions. As a rule the steam roads whisk from point to point, giving the passenger little more than a passing glimpse of the country; they enter the cities by the backyard route, and seem to pick out the most forsaken and desolate stretches of country for the location of the tracks. With the trolley it is different. The electric cars traverse the best streets of the city, and catering to the summer holiday seeker must perforce follow the most beautiful places through the country.

A Boston man, who could not afford an automobile, early last fall took a trolley ride from Boston to Chicago, says the New York Tribune. A trolley ride of 1,500 miles would seem like a venture forboding untold discomfort and inconvenience; but the charm of riding through the green woods and fields on a summer's day, with the privilege of getting off whenever you want to, far more than offsets the trouble of changing cars and paying fares every little while. After this trip the man from Boston has a fine conception of our country and the people living between these two cities. He is able to speak intelligently of the places he has visited and knows the mighty resources of the land.

Takes Little Baggage.

With suit case packed, he boarded a trolley car one morning in Boston, and was soon on his way to the Middle West. The total weight of his impedimenta was about forty pounds, for he had long ago learned the lesson of the experienced traveler and expected to purchase everything possible en route.

He found the scenery far beyond his expectations. The trolley line from Boston to Tarrytown, N. Y., is unbroken save for a few feet at Stamford Bridge, Mass. After two days visiting friends and seeing the sights in New York, he started on the journey across the Empire State. Here he met with his greatest difficulties. At Tarrytown he had to leave the trolley for the steam road as far as Hudson. After a short visit to the Albany capitol he continued his trip, by way of Schenectady, to Fonda, and again found he would have to take a steam train as far as Little Falls, a distance of thirty miles. Between Auburn and Seneca Falls, and from Rochester to Batavia he had to resort to the steam roads, but at last he reached Niagara Falls by trolley.

One Line to Kalamazoo.

From Buffalo to Kalamazoo, Mich., is one unbroken line of trolley roads. From Erie the electric road runs through the old Dutch country of Pennsylvania. The clean and orderly aspect of the little farms and their keepers appealed to the Boston man and he spent considerable time in studying the people and their odd ways. In Ohio he found ideal country for the electric road. In this State electric traction has been developed to its highest point, and there is a web of trolley rails its entire length and breadth. The cars are of luxurious types and travel at wonderful speeds between the various towns and cities.

By far the best part of the journey was between Cleveland and Toledo, a stretch of 125 miles, where the cars made an average speed of thirty-five miles an hour and were unsurpassed by the finest day coaches in the country. From Toledo to Detroit the country was almost like New England with its large farms and pretty villages. From Detroit to Kalamazoo the trolley took him through beautiful meadows of high grass, through cool forests, and by white farmhouses and quiet hamlets. At Ann Arbor he visited the University of Michigan.

Sees Lake Michigan.

At Battle Creek he saw the woodworking plants and the cereal factories, and at South Haven he saw for the first time the great lake of Michigan. From Watervliet to St. Joseph, Mich., he had to ride on the steam cars for twenty miles, and from there he took a trolley to Laporte, Ind., and finally on to Hammond, a distance of forty miles, by steam. From Hammond, Ind., it was easy going to the great city of Chicago.

From Boston to Chicago he covered 1,497 miles—1,263 miles by electric traction, 220 miles by steam car, 2 miles by stage coach, and 2 miles on foot. Counting the stops on the way he made the trip in just ten days. To cover this distance required sixty-eight changes of cars, for which he had to go down in his pocket for fare just eighty times.

The cost statistics are as follows:

Trolley fare, $18.59; railway fare, $4.60; stage coach, 25 cents; lodging, $17; food; $9; amusements, theaters, fairs, &c., $6; souvenirs, postcards, &c., $2.50; guides, maps, books, and magazines, $5; kodak films, $3.60; total, $68.54.

The Names of British Inns.

The little inns which we pass going from London to Scotland, and even the wine shops, gloried in pretentious names which were generally displayed in illustrated signs hanging on brackets, says Frank Preston in the Outing Magazine. We had great fun in watching for these odd signs and writing down some of the most unusual. We passed "The Red Bull," and in neighborly proximity "The Red Cow" and "The Dun Cow." "Sir John Barleycorn" was near enough to hear "The Five Bells," and just beyond this, as if not to be outdone in the bell line, the proprietor of one inn called his place "The Ring o' Bells." Later we passed "The Easy Chair" and "Wait for the Wagon," "The Nag's Head," "The Spread Eagle," and down near the end of the list we had recorded "The Black Boy" and "The Head, Hand and Stomach."

Jesse James' Six-shooter.

Stumbling over a large fruit can on the hill back of Jesse James' former residence in St. Joseph the other day, while searching for a cave that was said to be a rendezvous of tough boys, Patrolman Wilson picked up the vessel and found to his amazement that it contained a revolver of ancient make, says the St. Joseph Gazette. Judging from the amount of dirt and rust on the gun it had been encased in the can for at least ten years, if not many more. One cartridge, an old-fashioned copper shell, was in the cylinder. The gun was a Colt's, and was marked on the barrel as having been patented in 1871. Wilson believes the gun was the property of Jesse James, and values his find very highly.